

S O N G S,

H. Richardt. called Coeur de Lion.

DUETTOS, TRIOS, QUARTETTS,

QUINTETTS,

A N D

MUSICAL DIALOGUE, &c.

IN THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

R I C H A R D

COEUR DE LION.

Performing at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

Dramatis Personæ.

RICHARD I. Cœur de Lion, King of England,	}	Mr. INCHBALD.
BLONDEL, his confidential friend,		Mr. JOHNSTONE.
FLORESTINE, Governor of a Castle, —	}	Mr. DAVIES.
MORGAN, an old Welsh Soldier,		Mr. QUICK.
LA BRUCE, Attendant on the Queen,		Mr. EDWIN.
BERGHEN, a Clown,		Mr. WEWITZER.
ANTONIO, Attendant on Blondel,		Mrs. BROWN.
GUILLET —		Mr. CUBIT.
PRINCIPAL KNIGHT,		Mrs. DARLEY.
BERENGERIA, Queen consort to Richard,	}	Mrs. BILLINGTON.
MARGERY, Wife to Morgan,		Mrs. KENNEDY.
LAURETTA, Daughter to Margery,		Mrs. MARTYR.
BEATRICE, Attendant on the Queen,		Miss BRANGIN.

KNIGHTS, SOLDIERS, PEASANTS, &c.

SCENE, a Castle and its Vicinity, situated in a Forest
in Germany.

SONGS, &c.

IN

RICHARD, COEUR DE LION.

(The Lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation.)

The Songs marked thus **, are Translations from the French Opera of COEUR DE LION.

A C T I.

MORGAN, BERGHEN, PEASANTS, LAURETTA, &c.

** * * **L**ET's sing, let's be gay,
Let's be merry whilst we may,
Dance and laugh the time away ;
Let's drink and play,
Till the sun brings in the day.

*most
me*

MORGAN, BERGHEN, PEASANTS, LAURETTA, &c.

IF health's fair rose begins to fade,
Take the advice that's here convey'd,
And soon the vivid tints shall rise,
Pure as the blush of early skies;
This the dear advice I give,
Quaff your cups if you would live.

Chorus.—This the dear, &c.

Touch the mad'ning string,
Fill high the foaming glass,
In chorus let it pass,
Time and pleasure, dearest lass,
Are ever on the wing.

Chorus.—This the dear advice, &c.

MARGERY.

MY tongue's my own, and made to run,
In spite of ev'ry fellow's fun,
Tho' men for silence preach;
Lord! shall our sexes only boast,
With me, poor Margery! be lost,
The gift of charming speech?
No more respected than a cat;
Come, Madge, do this—go, Madge, do that—
For ever galls my ear;
Hey, Madge! there's somebody at door,
Run this way—that—behind—before—
Run here—and gallop there.

Since

Since like a shuttle-cock, alas !
 I'm bound'd about from place to place,
 And wearied all day long ;
 'Tis very hard the rogues should try
 To stop my harmless tongue.

ANTONIO.

* * " O ! 'tis not dancing I admire,
 " My pleasures rest in Caroline,
 " And if her hand but touches mine,
 " I feel my heart blaze all on fire.
 " When close I press her to my panting breast,
 " Then, then, we whisper, whisper all the rest,
 " How I lament you cannot see me blest !

" My Caroline is light as air,
 " And as she skims the enamell'd mead,
 " She scarcely bends the daisies head,
 " Yet I can catch the flying fair,
 " Oh, when I press her, &c.

BLONDEL.

* * * RICHARD, my liege, my gallant king,
 The universe abandons thee ;
 Thy friends and nobles disagree,
 Nor can to thee assistance bring.
 To me the task remains,
 To break thy cruel chains,
 To save thy fav'rite fair,
 Who sinks in deep despair.

Unhappy monarch, look for aid
 Not from laurels, fame or glory;
 Not from Clio, heavenly maid,
 Who shall celebrate thy story.

A British minstrel hopes to prove,
 His loyalty and love,
 Nor seeks reward but from above,

Richard, my friend, my patriot king,
 Blondel remains
 To break thy chains;
 Blondel thy friend
 His life will end,
 Or will to thee assistance bring. (Sings.)

LA BRUCE.

I HAD a wife of my own,
 Still with her tongue she chatter'd on;
 Never could let me alone,
 Clamper'd, scolded and clatter'd on:
 Blockhead, ass, cuckold and drone,
 With these soft words she flatter'd on;
 Not in my body a bone
 But with her knuckles she batter'd on.

Kept

Kept me quite under her thumb,
 'Tost my hat and wig about,
 If I said ought but mum ;
 Twirl'd me like a gigg about,
 Making my body a drum ;
 Trivally beating and jig about,
 I was oblig'd to go glum,
 Like an old grunting pig about.

BERENGIERIA.

ONCE more my lyre, and then be still,
 To warn the world to count their days,
 Lest they their sacred leizures spill, — *methinks*
 In evil works and evil days ;
 And now, my lyre, thou may'st be still.

Once more, my pipe, and then be still,
 To warn the world how they affect,
 Things all too high, with stubborn will,
 And stable joy for man expect ;
 And now, my pipe, thou may'st be still.

My voice, my lyre, my pipe be still,
 Yet silent shall not be your fate,
 When to oblivion's dusky rill,
 Retire the little and the great ;
 Ye all shall sound when I am still.

BERENGERIA, MARGERY, LAURETTA, MORGAN,
LA BRUCE, &c.

SWEET peace of mind, seraphic guest,
How long thy absence shall we mourn;
From yon bright mansion of the blest,
With all thy placid train return,

BLONDEL.

* * OH, soft remembrance ! airy sprite,
Thou second life of bliss and pain ;
Exquisite sense of keen delight,
Who giv'st our feelings back again.
How bright thy downy slumbers are,
Where love and tender fancy beams ;
The sweetest notes which fleet in air,
Awake at once thy fairy dreams.
But hope, too long deluded joins,
No more with thine her lovely form ;
Nor copies from thy fainter lines,
The scenes her strong ideas warm,

LA BRUCE.

* * * LET the Sultan's wanton care,
Thousands of the sex prepare,
Gentle, frisking, pretty lasses,
Young and handsome as the graces ;
Let him kiss them one and all,
What then, what then ?
This concerns not me at all.

For

For like ev'ry thirsty soul;
I prefer the flowing bowl;

Let the noble duke or peer,
Sell his thousand pounds a year,
Let him quit his grass and stubble,
He'll soon find that life's a bubble;
Let him rise, or let him fall,
What then, &c.

Let the valiant soldier go,
Seeking dangers to and fro;
Let him when the trumpets rattle,
Brave the foremost of the battle,
Honour fears nor sword nor ball,
What then, &c.

ACT

A C T II.

LA BRUCE, BERGHEN, LAURETTA, &c.

WHEN Nich'las first to court began,
And Blanch approv'd his love ;
United time and pleasure ran,
Like Turtles in the grove :
In joy and sweet delight,
They pass'd each day and night.
Chorus—When Nich'las first to court began,
And Blanch approv'd his love ;
Happy and gay,
Smiling as May,
Jocund they pass'd each day and night.

When children bless'd the loving pair,
Kind heaven increas'd their store ;
Their boys were brave, their girls were fair,
And each a portion bore
Of rural industry,
With dance, and song, and glee.
Chorus.—When children bless'd, &c.

Tho'

Tho' age their heads with silver crown'd,
 Affection did increase ;
 Diffension ne'er their hearts cou'd wound,
 Nor jealousy their peace :
 And still remembrance sweet,
 Their placid minds would greet.

Chorus.—The age their heads, &c.

LAURETTA.

BLEST flowers that for my swain I chose,
 Thro' you the dearest joys I prove ;
 Go, on his breast thy sweets disclose,
 And be a pledge of Laura's love.
 From him I caught the gentle flame,
 Which chills my heart yet prompts my
 And now I know he sighs the same, [tongue;
 This, this shall be my constant song.

BERGHEN.

LOCK'D in my chest I've fifty odd pound,
 With four good acres of meadow ground ;
 For your bonny black eye,
 Sweet Lauretta I sigh,
 Marry me my lass, you'll in plenty abound.
 Iv'e two pack of horses, a jack-ass and sow,
 Barrow, harrow, spade, flail, cart and plough ;
 Ducks, turkies, geese and hens,
 Fourteen sheep in my pens,
 Heifer, calf, cat, goat, and a fine milch cow.
 A kettle

A kettle of brags—a pot to stew,
A washing tub, a churn, a vate to brew ;
A dog, that barks by night,
A warming pan so bright,
Say will you marry me, and I'll marry you.

M A R G E R Y.

“ When with youth and beauty crown'd,
“ Love breath'd soft his am'rous fire ;
“ And now time and age furround,
“ Love still warms me with desire.
“ Smiling beauty will not stay,
“ Youth has wings, and flies away ;
“ Nurture love then in your prime,
“ Beauty flies away with time.
“ Soon as gentle passion's known,
“ Soon as love becomes our own ;
“ We should sooth the gentle guest,
“ And he'll ne'r disturb our rest.

L A U R E T T A.

I LOVE no lover but one,
He loves no other but me,
Willing to make me his own,
I'm ready his own to be :
For he's a blade of spunk,
Can sing, catch, carrol and glee ;
Not like this lazy hunk,
This great booby.

By

By moon light on the gay green,
My maiden heart he first won;
Each day at my door was he seen,
Before the beams of the sun.
For he's a blade, &c.

Then say, you looby, shall I
Give up the man of my mind;
No, sooner, blockhead, I'd die,
Than marry a clown unkind.
My swain's a blade of spunk, &c.

LAURETTA.

** I DREAD to hear his voice by night,
In list'ning I find such delight,
So sweet's his tale of love;
And when I hear him sigh,
My heart his words approve,
And yet I can't tell why—

BLONDEL and LAURETTA.

BLONDEL.

THE downy God of smiles and sighs,
With pleasure shuts his twinkling eyes,
Therefore my girl suspect him;
And was he absolutely blind,
By feeling he'd express his mind,
Nor could you e'er detect him.

Good

L A U R E T T A.

Good fir, teach me if you please,
This pretty air—this pretty air;
I shall learn it with great ease,
To delight my chevalier.

B O T H.

Good fir, teach me, &c.

R I C H A R D.

* * “ IF by the universe forgot,
“ To live in thralldom be my lot,
“ Why was I born, ye powers, a king :
“ Oh ! sweet resemblance of my love,
“ Suspend the frowns of heaven above,
“ For thou can’st joy to misery bring.

“ Oh ! mem’ry, cruel to my peace,
“ The glorious toils of war must cease,
“ No more shall ardor swell my veins :
“ Fame, hope, and glory are no more,
“ Death only can my peace restore ;
“ Then welcome Death to break my chains.

B L O N D E L and R I C H A R D.

B L O N D E L.

SURROUNDED in the thickest fight,

* * By enemies o’er thrown,
Defenceless and alone,
I should have been depriv’d of light,
But I invok’d my fair, and love
And aid receiv’d from heaven above.

R I C H A R D.

A look from her whom I admire,
Would sooth corroding grief :
Health, peace, and joy must soon expire,
Unless she brings relief.

B L O N D E L.

“ Within a dark and dismal tow’r,
“ A mighty king’s confin’d,
“ A faithful servant’s mind
“ Resolves a plan to give him pow’r.

R I C H A R D.

“ If my beauteous queen was here,
“ I should no future dangers fear.
“ A look from her, &c.”

F L O R E S T I N E and S O L D I E R S.

F L O R E S T I N E.

SIR, be gone no longer stay ;
All this noise, and nought to say !

B L O N D E L.

Good sir, hear, it was not I,
Your soldiers made the horrid cry.

CENTINEL.

BLONDEL.

Come fir, quickly leave this place,
Lest you meet with some disgrace ;
And if here again you come,
Death will surely be your doom.

BLONDEL.

Christians, gentlemen, beware,
Do not add to the despair
Of a poor distressed wight,
Whom the cruel Turks in spite
Have deprived of blessed fight.

CENTINEL.

Happy for him he is blind,
Or we should have been less kind,
And to death his fate 'confin'd.

Begone, retire,

'Tis the Knight's desire :

But old man take care,

You die if you again come here.

BLONDEL.

Good fir, pray believe,
The blind can't deceive,
If I return, I do submit,
To hang or burn, as you think fit.

ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

But should he return,
As I've no mind;
To hang or burn,
I'll stay behind.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

B

ACT

A C T III.

L A B R U C E.

LORD! Lord! without victuals and drink,
We poets must give up each strain;
It helps us poor devils to think,
And thrash with more vigour our brain.
Without victuals and drink—Lord the world
were undone,
'Tis the soul of the world---'tis the *sine qua non*.

The soldier 'midst battle's alarms,
Without it could ill face his foe,
So faint would he handle his arms,
And draw with such weakness his bow.
Without victuals, &c.

What would ladies and gentlemen do,
That say such fine things to each other;
They would never be able to coo,
They wou'd never be father and mother.
Without victuals, &c.

Then hey for good victuals and drink,
Who's there that would not carouse;
Whoever he may be, I think
He's not to be found in *this* house.
Without victuals, &c.

A I R.

M A R G E R Y

BECAUSE one fickle lover's gone

To win some other fair,
Should I sit sighing all alone,

A prey to grief and care ?

Whilst he prov'd constant, I'd be kind,

And ever hold him dear ;

But why should I torment my mind,

Or drop for him a tear.

“ To seek him, I would never go,

“ Nor haunt the dreary grove ;

“ Were women born to yield to woe,

“ Or die for slighted love ?

“ His falsehood should my heart set free,

“ I'd be myself again,

“ Another lad should do for me,

“ And charm away my pain.”

But if the next should turn untrue,

And wander far away ;

Then welcom be the face, though new,

That smil'd to make me gay :

Though all the sex should falsely rove,

And from their vows depart ;

Yet constant to myself and love,

They should not break my heart.

BLONDEL, MORGAN, KNIGHTS, BERENGARIA, &c.

BLONDEL.

YES, know my friends, within yon towers,
King Richard pines his dreary hours.

KNIGHTS.

What? Richard! O, ye heav'nly powers,
Great Richard, England's gallant king?

BLONDEL.

'Tis true, my friends, within yon towers
The hero sighs out bitter hours :
Yes, England's monarch pines within!

KNIGHTS.

How heard you this? What friend of ours
To you the secret did entrust?
Pray tell us how you heard it first.

BERENGARIA.

How heard you this? What friend of ours
To you this secret did entrust?
O sure my swelling heart will burst.

BLONDEL.

'Twas I, who under this disguise,
Deceiv'd the watchful centries eyes :

With

With joy and pain I heard his prayer ;
Believe me, friends, brave Richard's there :
I knew his voice, within yon walls
There England's king for succour calls !

BERENGIERIA.

My pleasing fears by hope is nurs'd,
Lie still my heart and do not burst,
Ere Richard bless my longing eyes.

MORGAN and KNIGHTS.

*Twixt doubtful pleasure and surprize,
What fears and hopes alternate rise ;
King Richard there !---let's force our way,
To arms ! to arms !

BLONDEL.

No stay---let's stay !
We lose no time by wise delay---

MORGAN and KNIGHTS.

To arms ! to arms ! my friends away !

BERENGIERIA.

Honour calls to glory,
Richard, great in story,
Must be free.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Soldiers strike home !

Britons ne'er flee ;

Glory's our cause,

Richard we'll free.

BERENGIERIA *and* BLONDEL.

Come, my friends---friends all, join in chorus ;

Soldiers haste with heart and hand,

Blondel leads- -victory lies before us ;

Liberty and Old England.

L A B R U O E.

Ye toppers all, drink to the soul,

Of this right honest fellow ;

Who always lov'd a flowing bowl,

And would in death be mellow.

The lamp of life he kindled up,

With spirit stout and glowing,

His heart inspired thus with a cup,

Ascends where nectar's flowing.

B E R E N G I E R I A.

FREEDOM, divine, ætherial flame,

Who bid'st the vivid lightnings roll ;

Mov'st to soft harps the spheric frame,

And wak'st to extacy the soul.

“ O

“ O Parent, source of every good,

“ Arrang’d thro’ ev’ry nice degree:

“ How few have rightly understood,

“ The laws of order fram’d by Thee.”

For Thee the poet’s strain shall flow,

Inspirer of the vocal strings;

And Philomel forget her woe,

To aid Thee by whose aid she sings.

LA BRUCE and LAURETTA.

WHEN we plough the furrow’d land,

Two by two the oxen stand,

All are coupled two by two.

In the meads and verdant groves,

See the am’rous turtle doves,

How they bill and how they coo,

As they couple two by two.

With the single lad and lass,

How the dismal moments pass,

’Till they’re coupled two by two;

But when each has pledg’d a vow,

Lads and lasses speed the plough,

When they’re coupled two by two.

BLONDEL, LAURETTA, AND MORGAN.

BLONDEL.

To night when all the world is gay,
Your lover hopes to meet you here!

LAURETTA.

Fly lazy time and close the day,
That I his ardent vows may hear.

BLONDEL.

'Tis no secret, fir, I tell,
I was telling her my eyes,
Saw once more the blessed skies.

LAURETTA.

'Tis no secret, fir, he tells,
You on him may sure depend,
For he is your faithful friend.

MORGAN.

True, Lauretta, I believe
That he would not *me* deceive.

LAURETTA,
E. C. T. T. A.

LAURETTA (*to Blondel*).

Does Florestine return my flame ?

Does he eternal faith protest ?

B L O N D E L.

Depend upon't he loves the same,

His joy, his truth and faith attest.

M O R G A N.

What's he telling you, his eyes

Saw once more the blessed skies ?

L A U R E T T A.

Father, yes, 'tis that we sing,

From that source his pleasures spring :

He was telling me his eyes,

Saw once more the blessed skies.

B L O N D E L.

Why should we in secret sing :

I was telling her my eyes,

Saw once more the blessed skies,

L A U R E T T A.

Tell me, father too, I pray :

M O R G A N.

He was telling me his eyes,

Saw once more the blessed skies.

LAURETTA.

L A U R E T T A.

Father, yes, 'twas that he sung,
As from that his pleasures sprung :
He was telling me his eyes
Saw once more the blessed skies.

F I N A L E.

C H O R U S.

GOD save the King ;
God save the King.

R I C H A R D.

Prais'd be the pow'rs above ;
Prais'd be the pow'rs above.

M A R G A R E T.

Oh ! Richard, Oh ! my king, Oh ! heav'n—

R I C H A R D.

Oh ! lovely woman,
Love this blest event has giv'n.

M A R G A R E T.

'Twas Blondel, 'twas thy dearest friend—

R I C H A R D.

R I C H A R D.

My dearest friend.—

To whom my warmest wishes tend,
From prison freed by those I love,
Surely I'd the world resign,
For when love and friendship join,
We taste the joys of saints above.

M A R G A R E T.

To whom my warmest wishes tend.

M A R G A R E T A N D B L O N D E L.

Now when love and friendship join,
We taste the joys of saints above.

C H O R U S.

By M A R G A R E T, L A U R E T T A, B E A T R I C E,
A N T O N I O, &c.

Long may happiness supreme,
Crown each light fantastic dream;
Long may the God of love and bliss,
Season each impassion'd kiss:
Love and beauty's choicest flow'r,
Marg'ret's friendship is her dow'r.

C H O R U S.

CHORUS.

RICHARD, BLONDEL, &c.

Long may happiness supreme,
Crown each light fantastic dream.
Crowns and sceptres, wealth and pow'r,
Are not worth this happy hour.

MARGARET.

O come ye happy lovers, come,
Let me your willing hands unite,
Your father's smiles confirm the doom,
Come join in genial soft delight.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Happy Lovers, &c.

TRIO.

COUNTESS.

'Twas friendship, welcome guest,
Made all my sorrows cease;
Soft love now fills my breast,
With happiness and peace.

RICHARD.

R I C H A R D.

'Twas friendship, welcome guest,
Made all my sorrows cease :
Now beauty fills my breast,
With happiness and peace.

B L O N D E L.

'Twas friendship, happy guest,
Made all their sorrows cease ;
Their friendship fills my breast,
With happiness and peace.

C H O R U S.

RICHARD, MARGARET, FLORESTINE, ANTONIO,
MORGAN and KNIGHTS.

Long may the God of love and mutual bliss,
Season each impassion'd kiss :
Love and beauty's choicest flow'r,
Marg'ret's friendship is her dow'r.

BLONDEL, BERGHEN, LA BRUCE, LAURETTA,
MARGERY, PEASANTS, &c.

Long may the God of love and mutual bliss ;
Season each impassion'd kiss ;
Crowns and sceptre's, wreaths and pow'r,
Are not worth this happy hour.

R I C H A R D.

RICHARD.

Crowns and sceptres, wreaths and pow'r,
Are not worth this happy hour.

MARGARET.

To love and friendship Pæans sing :

CHORUS OF ALL.

Friendship, love and beauty's pow'r,
Unite to bless this happy hour.

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F I N I S.

